

"MY CHILDHOOD DAYS IN LONDON TOWN"

BY ROSE HARRIET PASTOR.

Second Article of the Series Which the "Genius of the Ghetto," the Fiancee of Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, Has Agreed to Write Exclusively for The Evening World.

TWO STUDENTS OF GHETTO LIFE AND THEIR COMPOSITE PICTURE.

(Photographed Specially for The Evening World.)



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ROSE H. PASTOR.

"I Could Not Play When a Child Cried."

I NEVER had a childhood. I was always a woman. I could not play when a child cried; I would drop skipping rope, ball or shuttlecock and go to the child and comfort it. Though playing my games always with the earnestness of a man reading an essay, a crying child would draw out of me all the childish playfulness that was in me, just to make the baby stop crying.

ROSE HARRIET PASTOR.

LONDON! London, with its tremendously rich on the one hand and its miserably poor on the other—London was my home. A little child of nine, living in the neighborhood of Petticoat lane, what could it know of life—or the poor? But it did know this: That the rich ride in carriages, and look unhappy, and the poor ride in none, and look miserable.

I can remember no period in my life when the look on a human face did not interest me more than that human being's surroundings. Very often, a little tot, strolling dreamily through crowded Whitechapel, looking much in brilliant shop windows and more at the faces of the passing crowd, my heart went out to the richly clad and to the poor alike when nothingness—no beauty of spirit, no hope, no intelligence, looked out of their eyes into mine.

When a sorry face looked momentarily out at me from a hansom cab, the cab vanished—only the face, the look remained; the poverty of that life laid hold of my heart. "Poor man!" or "poor lady!" I would murmur, "poor man!" "poor lady!" Perhaps they had millions, perhaps they had none. I never gave this a thought. I only felt in a more than childish fashion that they had not life.

I remember well one good, happy family—unusually good, unusually happy. This family lived in a basement. The people passing the corner of Wood street and Red Lion Court, near Spitalfields Market, might very frequently have seen a little girl lying face downward on the pavement and looking with rapt gaze through iron gratings into a basement kitchen, the plain deal floor of which was always scrupulously clean.

This was the enchanted palace where the happy family lived, and when we lived in the neighborhood, no matter where my mission was whether I was sent on an errand or going to school, my feet always gravitated toward the iron grating. Sometimes I would catch a look from kind, sweet-natured eyes; often I would find only the wonderfully clean floor smiling up to me; but always I went away happy. And in my childish dreams when air castles were real enough and good to live in, that kitchen built so far beneath the ground was my favorite room; and the people who lived in that basement were my dearest companions.

MY joy knew no bounds when one day I was invited down into that wonderful kitchen and joined the happy-faced children in a merry game of blind man's bluff. To touch them with my hands, to really pass my fingers over their joy-lit faces, full of love and sympathy! That was a divine privilege. For to me it did not mean touching them; it meant touching God's sunshine in the human soul, touching hope, sympathy, love.

HOW SHE TOUCHED GOD'S SUNSHINE IN THE HUMAN SOUL.

But these moments were rare indeed. There was so much to make the tears start, to wring the child-heart and tear childhood up, root and all. These roots, in my own case, had never grown deep in the soil of life, as other children's do. I never had a childhood. I was always a woman.

I could not play when a child cried; I would drop skipping-rope, ball or shuttlecock and go to the child and comfort it. Though playing my games always with the earnestness of a man reading an essay, a crying child would draw out of me all the childish playfulness that was in me—just to make the baby stop crying.

It is one of the sad things for me to-day to see women (even men) utterly indifferent and callous in the presence or in hearing of a child crying, and I wonder if they've never had any heartaches at all in their childhood, or if they have quite forgotten.

Always after bringing back the sunshine to a lonely or ill-treated little one there would seem for a short while to be less of the woman and more of the happy child in me, and I would play more in a spirit of lightness, as other children do.

ONE day I heard a baby crying in a room right above the one in which we lived. I was winding some twine around a big spool and singing a little song I knew. I dropped spool and twine and song, started

Haunted By the Face in a Cab.

WHEN a sorry face looked momentarily out at me from a hansom cab the cab vanished—only the face, the look, remained. The poverty of that life laid hold of my heart. "Poor man!" or "poor lady!" I would murmur. Perhaps they had millions; perhaps they had none. I never gave this a thought; I only felt in a more than childish fashion that they had not life.

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to my feet and listened. My mother, who always understood, said quietly: "Run upstairs, little Rose, it's some baby."

When I reached the door it was locked. The mother had gone out. The infant's cries grew hoarse. I tore at the door, trying to force it open with my little strength. But it would not yield. The child's cries grew fainter and weaker and it seemed to me that unless the mother would come at once or some one force the door and take the infant in his arms, it would die.

I bent down, looked through the keyhole and saw the almost exhausted infant lying on the only bed in the room, quivering, and with a look on the little face that was agonizing to behold. For a moment I was that infant. I gave one cry that brought all the neighbors of the house to the door. The door was forced open, but I was too dazed to go in. I stood still on the threshold while my mother went to the child.

But I shall never forget the deep hurt I felt when the mother of the

AN INFANT'S CRY ALWAYS APPEALS TO HER TENDER HEART.

crying babe returned and laughed at me for "making such a fuss" about a crying infant.

Frequently I have seen children and even adults taking thoughtless delight (I say thoughtless, not cruel, advisedly, for most of the cruel things done are done through pure thoughtlessness) in torturing dumb creatures. A cat, a dog, a beetle, a fly! anything alive—anything that can feel the pang. And they call this inhuman pastime "fun." Throughout the animal world, throughout the trotting, crawling, flying, swimming world of animal life, not one creature, great or small, has ever taken the life of another creature excepting in obedience to the law of self-preservation—for food or in self-defense. While humans—men, women, children made in the image of God and knowing love—do without a qualm that for which dumb creatures, if they had sufficient understanding, would look reproach upon us.

It was in the house of a relative in London. I was eight years old then. Some of the family had gathered at the house and several young men and women—"landslette." There were also several children, some

LISTENS TO STORIES WHILE HIDDEN AWAY IN A DARK CORNER.

that the visitors had brought along with them and others belonging to the house. The children had all gone from the elders to a long deal table in one corner of the room, while I, who would have nothing to do with children when men and women were near, sat crouched in another remote corner, observing without being myself observed by any one.

The company was merry, and one humorous story after another was told amid hearty laughter. They were mostly stories of Russian peasant life.

I listened to the descriptions of the peasants and of the Russian farms with intense interest and enjoyed the pure humor of the stories, laughing heartily in my dark corner without being heard because of the louder peals from the company.

"Now you tell us one," said some one to a demure little miss, who sat with her hands clasped all evening and even when she shook with laughter.

"Yes, tell us one, tell us one," came from the whole company. They paused for her story.

IN the brief hush I heard a child's voice say: "That's a leg; now pull off a wing." Blackness rushed into my eyes and a kettle of boiling water was singing in my head. I stumbled blindly out of my corner and cried "My God!"

Those in the room leaped to their feet, and a simultaneous cry came from every one in the room:

"Vos is dir?" (What alls thee?)

"Not me," I cried tremblingly.

"Not me; the fly! They hurt the fly!"

A quick look was shot around from each to all and then came laughter. It was as if I stood in a pit and an acre of earth were suddenly clapped over me. I went quietly back to my corner, my eyes blinded with the risen tears. The children, who felt something, they knew not what, stopped short in their game of flies at the table and stared open-mouthed and wide-eyed.

Only one demure little maiden (may God bless her, wherever she is) stole away from the merry circle and came over to touch my hand and lay another hand caressingly on my head. . . . My heart was soothed because there was one to understand.

SHE WEEPS OVER MAIMING OF A FLY IN CHILDREN'S GAME.

Rose Harriet Pastor.

GUGGENHEIM-HAAS WEDDING

Ceremony Was of Simple Character Owing to Recent Death of the Bride's Grandfather, Meyer Guggenheim.

Miss Helene Guggenheim, daughter of Isaac Guggenheim and granddaughter of the late Meyer Guggenheim, was married at noon to-day at her home, No. 78 Fifth avenue, to Edmund L. Haas. The wedding was unostentatious in deference to the comparatively recent death of the bride's grandfather.

The original plan before Meyer Guggenheim became ill was to have the wedding at Sherry's in the presence of 500 invited guests. As this plan had to be abandoned only immediate relatives attended the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, of Temple Emanuel.

The bride had but one attendant, Miss Rosalie Banner, who acted as maid of honor. Her father gave her away. Mr. Haas, the bridegroom, who is a son of Louis Haas, of this city, had for his best man his brother, Harry L. Haas. There were no ushers.

The bride's gown was of white satin, with Valenciennes lace and points de Venise, made with a princess train. She carried a bouquet of pink orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Banner, the maid of honor, wore white satin and chiffon, and carried a bunch of white lilies.

Among the guests were Jonas Sonnenborn, grandfather of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. David Guggenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Guggenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Guggenheim, and other relatives of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haas, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Rothchild, Mr. and Mrs. William L. Steingold, and Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wile. After an extended tour abroad the couple will make their home in this city.

WAS LORILLARD NURSE.

Destitute and feeble, an old woman who said she had nursed Pierre Lorillard as a baby, applied for relief at the Outdoor Poor Department, twenty-sixth street and the East River, to-day. She said she was a French girl, and had been living with a family whose name she could not remember. In this household she had been the nurse of the children.

WHITE HOUSE WEDDING RUMOR

Society Again Hears Report that Miss Alice Roosevelt Will Become the Bride of Congressman Longworth.

(Special to The Evening World.) PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 12.—A Washington despatch published to-day in the North American speaks of the friendship of Miss Alice Roosevelt for Nicholas Longworth, Representative from Ohio, as noticeable, and states that society is awaiting news of their betrothal.

Longworth's age is given as 37. This assumption from the fact that Congressman Longworth and Miss Roosevelt will be of Secretary of War Taft's party in the visit to the Philippines and Japan this summer. The young people will be in each other's company for some time.

For some time they have been seen much together, automobile and visiting the New York track at Rahmpton. Miss Roosevelt had her choice of visiting Ambassador Whitehead in London and being introduced at court or going out with the Taft party. She chose the latter, the gossips say, so as to be able to have Mr. Longworth's company.

The Congressman is thirty-five years old and of a wealthy family of Cincinnati. He was graduated from Harvard in 1894 and was elected to Congress a year ago. He is good-looking and a social favorite.

EISENBERG-HIRSCH WEDDING

Ceremony to Take Place This Evening at Lenox Assembly Rooms.

The nuptials of Miss Mary Elieberg and Mr. Harry Hirsch will be celebrated to-night in the Lenox Assembly Rooms, No. 28 East Third street, the Rev. Dr. Driscoll, of the First Street Temple, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Silverman, officiating.

Miss Eisenberg will be escorted by the Misses Bertha Eisenberg, Rose Schoenfeld, Sophia Breslau and Rose Blackman, of Newburg, bridesmaids. After the wedding ceremony a banquet to a large number of invited guests, will be given at the Lenox. The bride is Miss Mary Elieberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Elieberg, of New York. The groom is Mr. Harry Hirsch, of New York. The wedding will take place at 8 o'clock to-night.

HAND ORGAN MUSIC IN FIFTH AVENUE FEUD

Mr. Gurnee Calls On Police to "Chase" Hurdy-Gurdy Men Who Keep Up a Serenade Before Mrs. Lewis's Home.

A Fifth avenue feud, which had smoldered for three years, took an active turn when Walter S. Gurnee, of No. 617 Fifth avenue, went to Police Headquarters and complained to Commissioner McAdoo that organ-grinders, coaxed to the locality of Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street by the bounty of Mrs. Mary Taylor Lewis, of No. 611 Fifth avenue, were tormenting his invalid wife beyond endurance.

Police Commissioner McAdoo at once sent a policeman to the neighborhood. The bluecoat took a stand in front of Mrs. Lewis's house, and when an organ-grinder hove in sight drove him away with his club.

This attracted the attention of Mrs. Lewis, and she inquired the cause. She was told that as Mrs. Gurnee was about to undergo a surgical operation an effort was being made to keep the street quiet until she was out of danger.

Mrs. Lewis Sympathetic.

Mrs. Lewis expressed sympathy for Mrs. Gurnee, and said she had known her neighbor was in so serious a condition she would not have encouraged the organ grinders to come around for the amusement of her children.

Mrs. Lewis has long been known as the Lady Bountiful of the organ grinders.

They first began to go to her house three years ago and amused her children so much that she rewarded them liberally. It was a poor hurdy-gurdy that could not win 25 cents or a half dollar from the rich patron of that class of melody.

The news of Mrs. Lewis's liberality spread among the organ grinders, until it came to pass that there was hardly a moment during the day between 9 o'clock in the morning and 7 o'clock at night that there was not one in front of Mrs. Lewis's house, and others hovering around the corner, awaiting a chance to move up as soon as the lucky grinder then in possession moved away.

Mr. Gurnee first showed his hostility to the organ grinders several years ago. It was because his wife had been an invalid for years, and the constant wailing of the hurdy-gurdy was a source of exasperation to her.

The stately Gurnee butler would issue orders to the Gurnee maid-servants to bribe the objectionable musician to go away. This occurred so often that the butler was called in to see Mrs. Lewis.

But she probably misunderstood the cause of the Gurnee hostility to hand-organ melody. At any rate, she ignored the Gurnee order to hush such strains and continued to send her maid out with money for every grinder who paid her house a visit.

HOMES OF FIFTH AV. FEUDISTS AND CAUSE OF TROUBLE



House of Mrs. Gurnee.

Mrs. Lewis' House

allow any more of the grinders to tarry in front of her house.

The Gurnees are from Chicago and are reputed as millionaires. Mrs. Lewis also possesses a million.

Mrs. Lewis's friends say that had Mr. Gurnee frankly told her the reason of his hostility toward the grinders, instead of sending out his servant to bribe them to leave or to drive them away, all unpleasantness could have been avoided.

It kept Policemen Byrnes and O'Brien busy to-day driving away the grinders. It will take several days before the new conditions become known and the hurdy-gurdy men discontinue their visits.

son why her children should be denied the pleasure of the music they loved and continued to encourage her noisy grinders.

To-day, however, she announced that she would see to it that no more grinders should be allowed to tarry in front of her house.

Police Commissioner McAdoo that the organ grinder in front of Mrs. Lewis's house had disturbed the services in his church and that something should be done to put a stop to the nuisance.

Mrs. Lewis was told of this new foe of the grinders, but she said she would not visit.

\$200,000 FOR NAVAL HARBOR

Congressman Bede Declares that Sum Used in San Juan, Porto Rico, Would Be Well Spent—Had Interesting Trip.

Congressman J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota, a member of the Congressional committee on rivers and harbors, who arrived home on the day transport Sumner, from Porto Rico, said to-day: "It was an interesting trip, and we learned many things which will be of use to us in our future deliberations."

"One of the most urgent needs brought to our attention is that of widening and deepening the harbor of Porto Rico. At least \$200,000 should be spent on the harbor at San Juan, so it can shelter a fleet of war vessels if the occasion arises. At present, there is not a harbor on the island large enough to hold more than two or three of the big fighting ships."

"As there is certainly a great future for the island the money we put in improvements of its harbors will be well spent."

"We stopped at Havana and I was astonished to discover it was the cleanest city I had ever seen. It was cleaner than New York or Washington. We met President Palma, of Cuba, and found him an amiable and interesting gentleman."

"We narrowly missed seeing a revolution in San Domingo. We were there on March 22, President Morales, whom we visited, seemed greatly worried about the condition of affairs in the little republic."

At the delta of the Mississippi river no return we had an opportunity to inspect the work on the levees which are to deepen the approach to New Orleans so that there will be a depth of thirty-five feet or more at the way from the Gulf to the city. The Government is to spend \$6,000,000 on this work. About \$2,000,000 of this sum has been used and the improvements in the channel is already noticeable."

MOB SHOTS A SHERIFF DEAD.

SENATOBIA, Miss., April 12.—A mob of masked men entered the jail here early to-day to release a prisoner, and in an encounter with Sheriff Poag shot that officer dead.

INTERPRETER'S SONS MISSING

Candlich's Boys Disappear on Way to School and Father Fears They Have Met Foul Play at Hands of His Enemies

The two sons of Michael J. Candlich, interpreter in Special Sessions Court, started from their home, No. 630 Sixth street, for Public School No. 138, at Mangan and Houston streets, yesterday and have not been seen since by their parents.

The missing youths are Michael J., Jr., aged thirteen, and Alex, aged eleven. They were regular attendants at school, always within call of their mother outside of school hours, and never manifested any disposition to run away from home.

There was nothing about them to indicate that they did not propose to go to school when they left home. When the boys failed to return home for lunch Mrs. Candlich visited the school and learned they were missing. She sent for her husband and he notified the police. Not a trace has been found of the youngsters.

Owing to his connection with the courts Mr. Candlich has been blamed by ignorant neighbors for alleged acts of injustice done to Hungarians arraigned in court. He fears that some one with a grudge against him has either done away with the boys or is keeping them in hiding.

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